

## Lucy and Charlie Brown

LUCY:(entering, following Charlie Brown) You know a princess sort of thing... a white dress and nice slippers, oh, and a big ballroom.

CHARLIE BROWN: Uh-huh.

LUCY: But, I guess that's kind of silly isn't it Charlie Brown?

CHARLIE BROWN: Oh no, not at all. I mean, well, we all have our little daydreams or ambitions or whatever you want to call them. I mean there's one I've had myself for years only I've never told anyone.

LUCY: What? You can tell me.

CHARLIE BROWN: Oh no, it's not the sort of thing I should tell. No, I don't think I should.

LUCY: Oh, come on please. I wouldn't give it away. Come on, PLEASE.

CHARLIE BROWN: Well, I've always wanted to be called Flash. I hate the name Charlie. I'd like to be real athletic so that everybody would call me Flash. I'd like to be so good at everything that all around school I'd be known as Flash. (beat)

LUCY: (yells) Hey, Freida. Listen to this one! (She runs off laughing.)

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LUCY: I got it, I got it! (she laughs)

LINUS: Arrgghh!!

LINUS: You give me back my blanket.

LUCY: No! I've got it and I'm going to keep it. This is just the start you need to help you break this disgusting habit.

LINUS: Apparently you haven't read the latest scientific reports. A blanket is as important to a child as a hobby is to an adult. Many a man spends his time restoring antique automobiles, or building model trains, or collecting old telephones, or even studying about the Civil War. This is called playing with the past.

LUCY: Really?

LINUS: Certainly. And this is good, for it helps these men to cope with their everyday problems. Now, I feel that it is going to be absolutely necessary for me to get me blanket back, so I'm just going to have to give it a good YANK! It's surprising what you can accomplish with a little smooth talking and some fast action.

### Sally Monologue

SALLY: A "C"... a "C"... I got a "C" on my coat hanger sculpture. How could anyone get a "C" in coat hanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I being judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I being judged on my talent? If so, is it right that I be judged on a part of life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort then I was judged unfairly for I tried as hard as I could. Was I being judged on what I have learned about this project? If so, were then not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my "C"? (High pitched Oh) Well, perhaps I was being judged on the quality of the coat hanger itself, out of which my creation was made. Now is that not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of the coat hangers that are used by our dry cleaning establishment to return our garments. Is this not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my "C"?

TEACHER'S VOICE: WA WA WA WA WA WA WA WA WA WA WA

SALLY: Thank you Miss Othmar. The squeaky wheel gets the grease.

## Snoopy Monologue/Snoopy Charlie Brown

SNOOPY: Here's the World War One flying ace high over France in his Sopwith Camel, searching for the infamous Red Baron. I must bring him down. Suddenly anti-aircraft fire, archie we used to call it, begins to burst beneath my plane. The Red Baron has spotted me. Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, you can't hit me! Actually, tough flying aces never say "nah nah"... I was just... drat this fog. It's bad enough to have to fight the Red Baron then to have to fly in weather like this. Alright Red Baron! Where are you? You can't hide from me forever, (Offstage voices sing Ah.) Ah, the sun has broken through. I can see the woods of Montsec below.... ça va, bonjour! But, what's that? It's a Fokker triplane. Ha, I've got you this time, Red Baron. (He make machine gun noises: rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tattat) Augh! He's diving down out of the sun. He's tricked me again. I've got to run. Come on Sopwith Camel, let's go. Go, Camel, go! GO! (Snoopy sings the Ah.) I can't shake him. He's riddling my plane with bullets. Curse you red Baron! Curse you and your kind. Curse the evil that causes all this unhappiness. Here's the World War One flying ace back at the aerodrome in France. He is exhausted and yet he does not sleep, for one thought continues to burn in his mind: Someday, someday I'll get you Red Baron.

SNOOPY: My stomach clock just went off. It's suppertime, and Charlie Brown has forgotten to feed me. Here I lie, a withering hollow shell of a dog and there sits my supper dish ... EMPTY! But that's all right. He'll remember. When no furry friend comes to greet him after school, then he'll remember! And he'll rush out here to the doghouse but it'll be too late. There will be nothing left but the dried carcass of his former friend who used to love to run and play so happily with him. Nothing left but the bleached puppy bones of...

CHARLIE BROWN: Hey Snoopy! Are you asleep or something? I've been standing here a whole minute with your supper and you haven't even noticed. It's suppertime.

SNOOPY: Suppertime? Suppertime?

## Schroeder and Lucy

SCHROEDER: I'm sorry to have to say it right to your face, Lucy, but it's true. You're a very crabby person. I know your crabbiness has probably become so natural to you that you're not even aware when you're being crabby, but it's true just the same. You're a very crabby person and you're crabby to just about everyone you meet. Now I hope you don't mind my saying this, Lucy, and I hope you'll take it in the spirit that it's intended. I think we should all be open to any opportunity to learn more about ourselves. I think Socrates was very right when he said that one of the first rules for anyone in life is "Know thyself." Well, I guess I've said about enough. I hope I haven't offended you or anything.

LUCY: Well, what's Socrates got to do with it anyway, huh? Who was SHE anyway? Did she ever get to be queen, huh! Tell me that, did she ever get to be queen! DID she ever get to be queen? Who WAS Socrates, anyway? "Know thyself," hmph!

## All

LINUS: I really don't think you have anything to worry about Charlie Brown. After all, science has shown a person's character isn't really established until at he's at least five years old.

CHARLIE BROWN: But I am five! I'm more than five!

LINUS: Oh well, that's the way it goes.

SALLY: The only thing wrong with my big brother Charlie Brown is his lack of confidence. His inferiority, and his lack of confidence. His clumsiness, his inferiority, and his lack of confidence. His stupidity, his clumsiness, his inferiority, and his lack of confidence. . . .

SCHROEDER: Did you know that Charlie Brown has never pitched a winning baseball game? Never been able to keep a kite in the air? Never won a game of checkers? And never successfully punted a football? Sometimes I marvel at his consistency.

SNOOPY: It is truly a dog's life. A life of challenges -- You try acting excited when that round headed kid comes home from school!

LUCY: Now Linus, I want you to take a good look at Charlie Brown's face. Would you please hold still a minute Charlie Brown. I want Linus to study your face. Now, this is what you call a failure face, Linus. Notice how it has failure written all over it. Study it carefully. You rarely see such a good example. Notice the deep lines, the dull vacant look in his eyes -- yes I would say this is the finest example of a failure face you're liable to see in a long while.

CHARLIE BROWN: Some days I wake up early and watch the sun rise. And I think how beautiful it is. How my life lies before me. And I get very positive feeling about things . . . Like this morning for instance, the sky is so clear and the sun is so bright. . . How can anything go wrong on a day like this? (alarm clock rings) I'm late!!

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LUCY: It's amazing how fast word of these surveys gets around. (Linus enters.) Oh Linus, I'm glad you're here. I'm conducting a survey and there are a few questions I'd like to ask you.

LINUS: Sure, go ahead.

LUCY: The first question is: on a scale of zero to one hundred, with a standard of fifty as average, seventy-five as above average and ninety as exceptional, where would you rate me with regards to crabbiness?

LINUS: (He laughs.) You're my big sister.

LUCY: That's not the question.

LINUS: No, but that's the answer.

LUCY: Come on, Linus, answer the question.

LINUS: Look, Lucy, I know very well that if I give any sort of honest answer to that question you're going to slug me.

LUCY: Linus. A survey that is not based on honest answers is like a house that is built on a foundation of sand. Would I be spending my time to conduct this survey if I didn't expect complete candor in all the responses? I promise not to slug you. Now what number would you give me as your crabbiness rating?

LINUS: Ninety-five. (She punches him very hard.)

LUCY: NO decent person could be expected to keep her word with a rating over ninety. Now, I add these two columns and that gives me my answer. There, it's all done. Now, let's see what we've got. It's true. I'm a crabby person. I'm a very crabby person and everybody knows it. I've been spreading crabbiness wherever I go. I'm a super crab. It's a wonder anyone will still talk to me. It's a wonder I have any friends at all... or even associates. I've done nothing but make life miserable for everyone. I've done nothing but breed unhappiness and resentment. Where did I go wrong? How could I be so selfish? How could...

LINUS: What's wrong, Lucy?

LUCY: Don't talk to me, Linus. I don't deserve to be spoken to. I don't deserve to breathe the air I breathe. I'm no good, Linus. I'm no good.

LINUS: That's not true.

LUCY: Yes it is. I'm no good, and there's no reason at all why I should go on living on the face of this earth.

LINUS: Yes there is.

LUCY: Name one. Just tell me one single reason why I should still deserve to go on living on this planet.

LINUS: Well, for one thing, you have a little brother who loves you. (Lucy is silent for a minute and then burst into tears) Every now and then I say the right thing.

## Charlie Brown Monologue

CHARLIE BROWN: (sitting on the bench) I think lunchtime is about the worst time of the day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes mornings aren't so pleasant, either - waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then there's the night, too - lying there and thinking about all the stupid things I've done during the day. And all those hours in between - when I do all those stupid things. Well, lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. Well, I guess I'd better see what I've got. Peanut Butter. Some psychiatrists say that people who eat peanut butter sandwiches are lonely. I guess they're right. And when you're really lonely, the peanut butter sticks to the roof of your mouth (he says this while chewing. Then he gets the peanut butter unstuck with his finger.) Boy the PTA sure did a good job of painting these benches. There's that cute little redheaded girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she'd do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her. She'd probably laugh right in my face. It's hard on a face when it gets laughed in. There's an empty place next to her on the bench. There's no reason why I couldn't just go over and sit there. I could do that right now. All I have to do is stand up. (He stands up.) I'm standing up. (He sits down) I'm sitting down. I'm a coward. I'm so much of a coward she probably wouldn't even think of looking at me. She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can't remember her ever looking at me. Why shouldn't she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn't look at me? Is she so great and I'm so small that she can't spare one little moment... (He stops) She's looking at me. She's looking at me. (He panics and puts his lunch bag on his head.)